

3 Christopher Bullock

650

Engl. Theat vol 55

THE
S L I P.
A
F A R C E.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or address.

Handwritten mark or signature in the upper right corner.

ST. L. P.



F. V. R. C. F.

THE
S L I P.
A
F A R C E.

As it was Acted at the
New Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*,
BY THE
Company of Comedians, acting under Letters Patents granted by King *Charles* the Second.



LONDON: Printed for *Jonas Brown*, at the *Black-Swan* without *Temple-Bar*, 1715. [Price Six Pence.]

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Anthony Bounteous, *Mr. Hall.*

Trickwell, his Nephew, *Mr. Bullock, Jun.*

Three Companions of } *Mr. Knap.*
 } *Mr. Bullock, the*
 } *Youngest.*
 } *Mr. Coker.*

Roger, a Country Servant, *Mr. Spiler.*

Constable, *Mr. Leigh.*

Gentlemen, *Mr. Corey.*

Ladies.

Servants.

THE

Long
any
kno



THE
S L I P.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

Enter Trickwell in a riding Habit, and his three Companions, two in Liveries, the other as a running Footman.

1 COMPANION.



EAR Trickwell, let us into this Device of thine, before we go any farther; prithee why are we thus equipt? Why art thou so fine, so spruce on the sudden, that a few Days ago wert a Stranger to a clean Shirt? Why have we left our Jovial Companions in London, and taken this Trip to *Finchly*? What, have you any Design upon a Fortune? Take care Trickwell, you know Hanging and Marriage go by destiny.

Tric. Prithee Peace, 'tis no such matter.

2 Com. Nay, don't be angry, Caprain *Regent*, *Principal*! What shall I call thee? the noble Spark of Bounty, the Life-blood of Society.

Tric. Call me your Fore-cast, you Coxcombs; when you come Drunk out of a Tavern, 'tis I must cast your Plots into Form, 'tis I must mannage the Trick, or I'd not give a Rush for the Proceeding; I must stretch my Wits upon the Tenters to maintain a Company of Villains—whom I love in my very Heart and Conscience. [Embracing them.]

1 Com. A! ha! our little Fore-cast.

Tric. Hang you Dogs, you have bewitch'd me among you; I was a good modest young Lad, before I fell into your villanous Company; my Uncle had then some Hopes of me; I us'd to walk before him to Church every Sunday, never was Drunk, or swore an Oath: — Now I'm quite altered, blown into Air; I swear faster than a Fanatick will lie; sit up late, 'till it be early; drink, drunk, 'till I'm sober; sink down dead in a Tavern, and rise in a Bawdy-house; here's a goodly Transformation; I live without Order, swear without Number, cheat without Mercy, and drink without Measure: —but to our Business:—you can keep your Countenance, Villains?—but I was a Fool to ask that; for how should they keep their Countenance that have lost their Credit?

3 Com. I warrant you for blushing, *Trickwell*; we have left that foolish Modesty off long since; 'tis of no use to Men of our Vocation.

Tric. Well, then; you all know the possibility of my Hereafter-Fortune, and the Humour of my frolicksome Uncle, Sir *Ant. Bounteous*, whose Death makes all possible to me; I shall have all, when he has nothing; but now he has all, I can have nothing: I think one Mind runs thro' a Million of them; they can't abide to see us merry all the while they are above-ground, and that makes so many Sons laugh at their Fathers Funerals. I know my

my Uncle has his Will in a Box; and has bequeath'd all to me——when he can carry nothing away with him; but stood I in need of poor Ten Pounds, now, by his Good-will, I should hang my self e'er I should get it: Then since he has no Good-will to do me good as long as he lives, by my own Will I'll do my self good before he dies:——But now I arrive at my Purpose:——You are not ignorant I'm sure, you true and necessary Implements of Mischief, first that my Uncle Sir *Anthony Bounteous* is a Knight of Thousands, and that he keeps a House like his Name, *Bounteous*, open for all Commers; thirdly and lastly, that he stands much upon the Glory of his Compliments, and variety of Entertainment, together with the Largeness of his Kitchen, the Longitude of his Buttery, and Fecundity of his Larder; and thinks himself never happier than when some stiff Lord or great Countess alights to empty his Dishes: These being well mixt together, may give my Project better Encouragement.——

1 *Com.* O! I conceive you now! what, we are to go and live there for a Month or two? I like that, I have not been at a Feast a great while.

Tric. No such matter, you hungry Dolt:——My Uncle has not seen me these three Years, and I am sure he can't by his Allowance suspect me in such good Cloaths; for tho' he'll treat all Mankind, he hates to think any young Fellow should live but by his Wits; and Faith I think it will be but Justice to practise upon him first, and let him see that I am Master of my Art: In short, I intend to impose my self upon him for a strange Lord, taste the good Chear of his House, commit a Rape upon his strong Box, and take my Leave of him in the Morning.

2 *Com.* Most generously resolv'd.

Tric. I have ordered the Ostler at the Inn to keep our Horses ready saddled, for fear we should be put to our Shifts——that's the House, take up the Portmantua and follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE Changes.

Enter Sir Anthony Bounteous, and two Gentlemen.

Sir Ant. Gentlemen 'tis late indeed, and I am sorry you can't stay all Night; but to Morrow I expect you to Dinner.

Gen. You may depend on us.

[*Ex. Gent.*

Enter first Companion.

I Com. I cry your Worship heartily Mercy——

Sir Ant. How now! Linnen Stockings, and threescore Miles a Day? Whose Footman art thou?

I Com. Pray can your Worship tell me—— Oh, oh, oh if my Lord be come in yet?

Sir Ant. Thy Lord! who is thy Lord?

I Com. My Lord *Owemuch*. Sir.

Sir Ant. My Lord *Owemuch*! Oh, I have heard great Talk of that Lord. he has great Acquaintance in the City; that Lord has been much follow'd.

I Com. And is still, Sir, he wants no Company when he's in London, he's Free of the Mercers, and none of 'em all dare cross him.

Sir Ant. No, if he did, I warrant he wou'd turn over a new Leaf with 'em.

Enter Trickwell and his Companions.

I Com. Here comes my Lord.

Trick. Footman.

I Com. My Lord.

Tric. Run swiftly with my humble Service to Sir *Jasper Topewell*; I'll ride and visit him in the Morning.

[*Exit I Companion.*] That Courtly Form shou'd present to me the Mirrour of Generosity, Sir *Anthony Bounteous*.

Sir Ant. Your Honour is most spaciously welcome.

Tric. Forgive me, Sir, that being a Stranger both to your House and you, I make my way, so bold; but I presume rather upon your Kindness, than your Knowledge; only your bounteous Disposition Fame has divulg'd, and it is to me well known.

Sir Anth.

Sir Ant. Nay, an your Lordship know my Disposition, you know me better than they that know my Person, you are so much the more Welcome for that.

Tric. Sir *Anthony*, you confound me with your agreeable Generosity.

Sir Ant. Pray pardon me, it has long been my Ambition to have wish'd your Lordship, where your Lordship now is, a noble Guest in this unworthy House: But my Lord, I have a present Suite to you.

Tric. To me! and you cou'd ne'er speak of it at a fitter time.

Sir Ant. Your Lordship has been a Traveller?

Tric. About five Years, Sir.

Sir Ant. I have a Nephew, my Lord, and when I die I'll do something for him. I'll tell your Honour the worst of him, a wild Lad he has been.

Tric. And so we have been all, Sir *Anthony*.

Sir Ant. So we have been all, indeed my Lord, I thank your Lordship's Assistance; some comical Pranks he has been guilty of; but I'll warrant him an honest trusty Heart—

Tric. And that's worth all.

Sir Ant. And that's worth all indeed, my Lord, for he's like to have all when I die; his Chin has no more Prickles on't than a Midwife's; there's great hope of his Wit his Hair is so long a coming; shall I be bold to prefer this *Ganymede* to hold a Plate under your Lordship's Glass?

Tric. You wrong both his Worth and your Bounty, to call that Boldness; Sir, I have heard much good of that Gentleman.

Sir Ant. Nay he has a good Wit, my Lord; he has carry'd many things very cleverly: I'll shew your Lordship my Will, I keep it in an Outlandish Box; the young Rogue must have all: Faith and Troth, I love him dearly—but he shall never find it as long as I live.

Tric. Well, Sir, for your sake, I'll reserve a Place for him nearest my Secrets.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. I understand your good Lordship; you'll make him your Secretary—Here, some Musick—give my Lord a taste of his Welcome.

Tric. Sir *Anthony*, no other Entertainment than a Bed to Night, and that as soon as you please, 'tis late, and I am much indispos'd—Nay, no Excuse, you are in your own House, but I must command in this.

Sir Ant. I wou'd not by any Means be an Enemy to your Lordship's Health, for the World—Will your Lordship be pleas'd to walk in? [Exit *Omnes*.]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Sir Anthony, Trickwell, and his Companions.

Sir Ant. I have brought your Lordship to a mean Lodging, but in good Faith you are heartily welcome; a hard Down-bed; I'faith my Lord, poor Cambrick sheets, and a Cloath of Tissue for a Canopy, the Curtains were wrought in *Venice*, with the Story of the Prodigal Son, in Silk and Gold, only the Swine are left out, my Lord, for fear of spoiling the Curtains.

Tric. It was well prevented, Sir.

Sir Ant. A musical Night to your Honour, filken Rest, harmonious Slumbers, and amorous Dreams to your Honour.

Tric. The like to kind Sir *Anthony*—[Exit *Sir Anthony*.] Come, come, the Disguises—where are the Vizzards?

3 *Com.* In your Lordship's Portmantua.

Tric. Peace, Lieutenant.

3 *Com.* I had rather have War, Captain.

[They pull Disguises out of the Portmantua, and put them on.]

Tric. Come, we are properly equipp'd; put on your Vizzards, and go down, and secure the Servants.

[Exit *Companions*.]

Now Uncle, you that hold me at hard Meat, and keep me at the Staff's-end, I'll fit you; all must be mine, he
and

The S L I P.

II

and his Will confess it: What I take then is but a borrowing of so much before-hand; I'll pay him again when he dies. [Exit.

Enter two Companions, pulling in Roger as out of Bed.

2 Com. Come, come Bumkin, don't make a Noise, I shall make a hole in your Paunch, and let your Puddings about the Room.

Rog. O dear honest Gentlemen, I swear you make my Hair stand an end; dear Gentlemen let me alone, I am but a poor Servant, and have nothing to lose, therefore pray don't rob me.

3 Com. Bind him, bind him——there clap this Gag in the Dog's Mouth——Now we'll carry him into the Hall——

[They gag him, bind him Neck and Heels, and carry him out.]

Enter Trickwell.

Within.] Thieves, Thieves.

Tric. Hark, they are at their Business——How now, my Lads?

Enter two Companions.

2 Com. All's sure and safe, on with your Vizzard, Sir, the Servants are all bound.

Tric. There's one Care past then; come follow me Lads, I'll lead you now to the point and top of all your Fortunes; yon Lodgings are my Uncle's.

3 Com. Here's a Captain worth following. and a Wit worth a Man's love and admiring. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE Changes.

Enter Trickwell, and Companions. leading in Sir Anthony.

Sir Ant. O Gentlemen, and you be kind Gentlemen: what Countrymen are you?

Tric. Lincolnshire Men, Sir.

Sir Ant. I am glad of that I'faith.

3 Com. And why should you be glad of that?

Sir Ant. O, the honestest Thieves of all come out of Lincolnshire, the kindest natur'd Gentlemen; they'll rob a Man with a Conscience; they have a feeling of what they go about, and will steal with Tears in their Eyes; they are a very consciencious sort of Thieves indeed.

Tric. Come, come, the Mony, the Mony, we come for Mony, Sir.

Sir Ant. O dear, Sir, you cou'd not come at a worse time for it. I protest, I am at present very much out of Cash; I put all my Mony out the other Day; dear Heart; good Gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you, for I wou'd fain oblige you if I cou'd---Pray come again another time, and then I'll be provided for you.

Tric. Damn ye, Sir, your Mony.

Sir Ant. O, not too loud; you are too shrill a Gentleman, I have a Lord lies in my House; I wou'd not for the World my Lord shou'd be disquieted.

Tric. Who, my Lord *Owenmuch*? we have taken order with him, he lies bound in his Bed, and all his Followers.

Sir Ant. Who, my Lord bound! what, bound my Lord! O dear, what did you mean to bind my Lord; why my Lord cou'd have lain in his Bed without binding; you have undone me, you need rob me no farther.

Tric.

Tric. Come, bind him, bind him.

[They tie his Hands behind him, and rob him.]

Sir Ant. Is this your Court o' Equity? It's very hard that a Man should be bound for his own Mony: But come, come bind me, I have been too liberal to Night: You have watch'd your Time, and a Pox feast you.

Tric. Go, carry him down Stairs.

[Exit Sir Anthony.]

Dispatch with him away——

This was bounteously done, I faith; it came somewhat hard from him tho'.

Enter first Companion.

What, is all sure?

1 Com. All's sure, Captain.

Tric. You know what follows now; one Villain binds his Fellow; we must be all bound for our own Securities, there's no dallying upon the Point; you conceive me, there's a Lord to be found bound in his Bed, and all his Followers; can you pick out that Lord now?

1 Com. Admirable Contriver.

Tric. You never plot for your Safeties, so your Wants be but satisfy'd.

1 Com. But if we bind one another, how shall the last be bound?

Tric. Pox on't! the Footman shall 'scape.

1 Com. That's I, I thank you.

Tric. The Footman of all other will be suppos'd to 'scape, for he comes in no Bed all Night, but lies in his Cloaths, to be be first ready in the Morning; and his Freedom will make the better for our Purpose; for we must have one to unbind the Knight, that we may have the Sport within our selves;——but Morning is stoln upon us: I have another Trick to play my Uncle before I leave him quite; but this is no Place to discover

B

discover in; I will carry on the Jest, that's certain, tho' I hazard my Wind-pipe; I'll either go like a Lord as I came, or be hang'd like a Thief as I am: That's my Resolution. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Anthony with his Hands ty'd behind him.

Sir Ant. So, with much ado, I have shaken off my Hempen-setters, and have got my Legs at Liberty to look for my Servants——Why Roger, Roger——Where has this Country Dog hid himself?——Why Roger, Roger.

Enter first Companion.

1 Com. O, bless your good Worship, let me help you.

Sir Ant. Ah! poor Footman, how didst thou 'scape this Massacre?

1 Com. Ev'n by Miracle, Sir, and lying in my Cloaths.

Sir Ant. I wou'd I had lain in my Cloaths too, so I had 'scap'd 'em; I cou'd but have risen a Beggar then, and so I do now, 'till my Mony comes in: But nothing afflicts me so much as that the barbarous Villains should commit a Violence upon my Lord: Ah, the binding of my Lord cuts me to the very Heart: So, so, 'tis well; I thank thee; run to thy Fellows, and undo them——make haste———

[Exit Companion.]

Why Roger, Roger, Roger.

[Roger rolls upon the Stage, gag'd, and bound Neck and Heels.]

Rog. Au, au, au.

Sir Ant. Au, au!——what Language is that?——
Poor Fellow, I must help him. [Unbinds him.]

Rog. O, Sir, my Jaws ake cursedly: One of the Where's-Birds propt my Chaps open with a Trotter-bone:

bone: Wawns e'n I had chanc'd to have laid with my Head against the Wind, it would certainly have got down my Throat, and have blown me up like a Bladder; but, Sir, I hope you'll excuse me, I heard your Worship roar out like a Bear, but I cou'd not bark you out an Answer; but I roll'd to you as soon as I cou'd.

Sir Ant. 'Tis well, 'tis well—go, look after your Fellow-servants, [Exit Roger.
Ha, here comes my Lord. I protest I am asham'd to Look my Lord in the Face.

Enter Trickwell.

My Lord, a good Morning to you: Your Lordship grieves me more than all my Losses.

Tric. I thought you had been better below'd, *Sir Anthony*: But I see you have Enemies, and your Friends fare the worse for 'em; I like your Talk much better than I like your Lodging, I ne'er lay harder in a Bed of Downe; I have had a mad Night's Rest on't—Can you guess what they should be, Sir?

Sir Ant. *Lincolnshire Men*, my Lord.

Tric. How! fie, fie, believe it not, Sir; they lay not far off, I warrant you.

Sir Ant. Think you so, my Lord?

Tric. I'll be burnt if they did; they are some that know your House, and are acquainted with all the Conveniences.

Sir Ant. This comes of keeping open House, my Lord; that makes so many keep their Doors shut at Dinner-time.

Tric. They were resolute Villains; I made my self known to 'em, told 'em who I was, gave 'em my honourable Word not to disclose 'em; and think you the Slaves would trust me upon my Word?

Sir Ant. They would not?

Tric. No, I must pardon 'em; they told me Lords Promises were Mortal, and commonly die within an Hour after they are spoken: They were but Gristles, and not one amongst a hundred come to any full Growth; and therefore, tho' I were a Lord, I must enter into Bond.

Sir Ant. Insupportable Rascals.

Tric. Troth, I'm afraid you far'd the worse for my coming hither.

Sir Ant. Ah my good Lord, your Lordship far'd worse I'm sure.

Tric. Pray pity not me, Sir.

Sir Ant. Is not your Honour sore about the Brawn of your Arm? A Murrain take 'em, I feel it.

Tric. About this place, Sir *Anthony*.

Sir Ant. You feel as it were a Twinge, my Lord?

Tric. You say right, a Twinge, Sir.

Sir Ant. A Pox on 'em, I feel that Twinge too: But, my Lord, don't you find a kind of a tumid Numness about your Wrists?

Tric. You say true, Sir.

Sir Ant. The reason of that is, my Lord, the Pulses had no play.

Tric. So I guest.

Sir Ant. A Mischief on 'em, I feel that too.

Enter first Companion.

1 Com. O, my Lord, my Lord, your Lordship has lost——

Sir Ant. What has his Lordship lost?

1 Com. Why, my Lord has lost, my Lord has lost—
Oh! dear——

Sir Ant. What has my Lord lost?

1 Com. Why, my Lord has lost——the Lord knows what——

Tric. Thou hast lost thy Senses, Fellow——What have I lost? Speak.

1 Com.

Com. Why, my Lord, the Thieves have stoln away the Jewel that your Lordship gave a hundred Pounds for, to a circumcis'd *Jew* two Months since upon the *Change*, besides a hundred Pounds they have taken out of the *Portmantua*.

Tric. Damn the Mony—the Jewel troubles me beyond Expression.

Sir Ant. And me too my Lord, I'm a circumcis'd *Jew* my self if it don't; but pray, my Lord, don't be concern'd; the Loss shall be no Loss to your Lordship; it shan't be said, my Lord, you receiv'd any Prejudice in my House; be pleas'd to step in, and I'll make good your Lordship's Losses.

Tric. Upon my Soul, *Sir Anthony*—

Sir Ant. Upon my Soul, my Lord; now I have sworn first; I have just the Sum of two hundred Guineas in Gold hid in a private Place.

Tric. Well, Sir, I will accept of your Courtesie, but I'll take Horse this Minute, and away for *London* as fast as possible; perhaps I may recover my Jewel, by giving timely Information to the Goldsmiths; for you must know I put a greater Value upon it than its intrinsic Worth, which can't exceed a Hundred Pounds.

Sir Ant. My Lord, I am sorry I can't have the Honour of your Lordship's Company at Dinner to Day; but I'll not be any impediment to the Recovery of your Jewel, by soliciting your Stay any longer; if your Lordship will be pleas'd to follow me, I will present you with a small Purse, that shall ballance your Losses; and then I'll see your Lordship on Horse-back, and wish you good Success.

Tric. Dear *Sir Anthony*, I swear you make me blush—

Sir Ant. O, it is your Lordship's, super abundant Modesty. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *Changes.**Enter Sir Anthony and Servants.*

Sir Ant. Come, come, to Work, Cook, and let the Dinner be ready betimes; go, go, Man——Master *Trusty*, my good Steward, cast an Eye into the Kitchen, and o'er-look the Knaves a little; every *Jack* has his Friend to Day; this Cousin and that Cousin puts in for a Dish of Meat; a Man knows not till he makes a Feast how many Varlets he feeds: Acquaintance swarm in every Corner like Flies at *Bartholomewtide*, that come up with the Drovers; I believe they smell my Kitchen seven Miles about. Mr. *Quickens*, and his sweet Bed-fellow, you are very copiously welcome.

Enter two Gentlemen and Ladies.

1 *Gen.* Sir, here's a dear Friend of ours, we was bold to make his way to your Table.

Sir Ant. Thanks for that Boldness; is this your Friend?

1 *Gen.* It is, Sir, both my Wife's Friend and mine, Sir.

Sir Ant. Why then compendiously, Sir, you are welcome.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir.

Enter several Gentlemen and Ladies.

Sir Ant. Ha; here's more of my kind Guests: Gentle-men and Ladies, you are infinitely welcome: You do my Birth-day Honour. I have seen four and fifty of these Days, blest my old Heart! but never saw so much good Company before;——But Gentlemen and Ladies, will you be pleas'd to walk into the Hall, there's a good

good Fire, and you shall have my sweet Company instantly.
[*Ex. Gent. and Ladies.*]

Enter a Servant.

How now! what News bringst thou, stumbling in?

Serv. There are certain Players without, and desire to know if they may have leave to act before your Worship.

Sir Ant. Players! by the Mass they are welcome; they'll grace my Entertainment well; but for certain Players, there thou lyest, for they were never more uncertain; now here, now there, and by and by neither here nor there—Go, Sirrab, call 'em in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

How fitly the Whorefons come upon the Feast—I was wishing for them but now.

Enter Trickwell like a strolling Player.

Oh, welcome, welcome my Friend.

Tric. The Month of May delights not in her Flowers More than we joy in that sweet Sight of yours.

Sir Ant. Very good strolling Verses, o' my Word, and well acted. I perceive you are the best Actor.

Tric. I generally have the greatest Share, Sir.

Sir Ant. And whose Men are you, I pray?

Tric. We serve my Lord Owemuch, Sir, we travel by his Patent.

Sir Ant. My Lord Owemuch! by my Troth the welcomest Men alive. You are welcome, faith you are; give me your Hand, I am very much oblig'd to that honourable Gentleman: Why my Lord lay at my House last Night, and suffered very much by the Robbery; but he was very little concern'd; he's a very honourable Gentleman; really he took all very quietly, and went away chearfully; for my Part, I never saw a Man of Honour bear things bravelyer away—Serve my Lord

Ore.

Owemuch! You are more than ordinarily welcome for his Sake; but where is the rest of your Company?

Tric. They are all in the Pantry; the Men all walk'd a-foot, but the Ladies came in the Waggon.

Sir Ant. Well, we'll have a short Play before Dinner, to pass away the time, and entertain my good Company; but I like a Play that has a Politician in it; can you play a Politician well?

Tric. I make a shift sometimes.

Sir Ant. Very good; ay, you look like a cunning Cur that knew how to carry on a good Design; but let the Play be short, and very Comical, for I love to laugh heartily.

Tric. I warrant you, Sir, we'll divert the Company.

Sir Ant. Well, but what is the Name of the Play?

Tric. The Slip.

Sir Ant. The Slip! by my troth a pretty Name, and a glib one too; well, go and slip into it, as fast as you can.

Tric. But I have a Request to make to your Worship; we cou'd do all to the Life of Action, Sir, both for the Credit of your Worship's House, and the Grace of the Comedy, but for the want of some Properties, for which I beg your Worship's Assistance.

Sir Ant. Why with all my Heart; what is it you want? speak.

Tric. I want a Gold Chain for a Justice.

Sir Ant. Oh! you shall have mine — Here, will this serve your Turn? [Gives him the Chain.

Tric. Excellently well, Sir.

Sir Ant. If you want any thing else you may have it.

Tric. We shou'd use a Ring with a Stone in it.

Sir Ant. Od I lost a Couple last Night, worth a hundred Pounds; but I won't baulk the Comedy for want of a Ring; perhaps there may lye a very good Jest in that

that I faith——here, here, take this——[*Gives him a Diamond Ring.*] Do you want any thing else?

Tric. O Dear I had like to have forgot, we want a Watch too.

Sir Ant. Whoop! a Watch too? here, here take mine, but take care you don't hinder the Motion of it.

Tric. No, Sir, I give you my Word the Watch shall go.

Sir Ant. Well, have you all you want?

Tric. Yes, Sir, we have enough.

Sir Ant. 'Egad I'm glad to hear that; well go, and begin the Play now as fast as you can. [*Exit Sir Ant.*]

Tric. I will, Sir——Faith I have a great Inclination to stay and speak a Prologue; for it is not fair to go away and speak never a Word——My Uncle has given me three Shares, and I ought to do something for 'em. [*Exit.*]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Sir Anthony, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Sir Ant. Come, sit down Gentlemen and Ladies, the Players will be ready presently.

Gent. How many Players be there?

Sir Ant. Five, five nimble Comedians; proper Actors I warrant 'em.

Gent. Whose Servants are they pray?

Sir Ant. O' there's their Credit; they serve an honorable Gentleman; my Lord *Owemuch*.

Gent. My Lord *Owemuch*! he was in Ireland lately?

Sir Ant. Oh, you ne'er knew any of the Name but were great Travellers.

Gent. But what is this Comedy call'd?

Sir Ant. Marry, Sir, it is call'd the *Slip*; and here the Prologue begins to slip in upon us.

Enter

Enter Trickwell.

Trick. We sing of wandering Knights, what them betide,
 Who neither in one Place, or one Shape abide :
 They are here now, and anon, no Scouts can catch 'em;
 Being every Man well hors'd like a bold Beach-man:
 The Play which we present, no Fault shall meet
 But one; you'll say 'tis short; I'll say 'tis sweet.
 'Tis given much to dumb Show, which some praise;
 And like the Term, delights much in Delays;
 But to conclude, and give the Name her due,
 The Play being call'd the *Slip* — I vanish too.

[*Exit.*

Sir Ant. [*He Claps his Hands.*] Excellently well acted, and a nimble Conceit.

Gent. The Prologue is pretty I'faith, and went off well.

Sir Ant. I, that's the Grace of all, when they go away well; Ha, ha, ha, by my Troth, if I were a young Woman now, I should fall in Love with that Player, and fend for him to Supper to Night — But why does not the Play begin, methinks they are very long.

Gent. You must bear a little, they are not yet ready.

Enter Trickwell.

Trick. A Pox of such Fortune! the Plots betray'd! — all will come out — yonder they come, taken upon Suspicion. I was accurst to hold Society with such Coxcombs — what's to be done? — S'death, if I'm taken, I shall certainly be hang'd---happily thought upon, the Chain; Invention stick to me this once, and fail me ever hereafter.

[*Puts the Chain round his Neck--then Walks about the Stage.*

Sir

Sir Ant. Why, where be these Players? — O, are you come? Troth 'tis e'en time, I was sending for you.

Gent. How moodily he walks, what plays he tro'?

Sir Ant. A Justice upon my Credit; I know by the Chain there.

Tric. O! unfortunate Justice! —

Sir Ant. Ha, ha, ha, I told you so.

Tric. In thy Relations unfortunate; here comes thy shameless Nephew now upon Suspicion, brought by a Constable before thee; his vile Associates with him, but he so disguised, that none can know him but my self: Twice have I already set him free from the Hands of Justice, and for his Sake his lewd Companions; my Conscience can permit but one wink more.

Sir Ant. So, so, we shall take Justice winking.

Tric. For this time I have thought of the Means to work their Freedom, tho' hazarding my self; for shou'd the Law seize on him, it would blemish much my Name. — No, I'll rather lean to Danger than to Shame.

Sir Ant. A very pretty Justice truly. —

Enter a Constable, with Trickwell's three Companions in their own Cloaths, as Prisoners.

Con. Thank you, thank you, Neighbours, let me alone with 'em now.

Tric. How now! Constable! what News with thee?

Con. May it please your Worship, here are three very auspicious Fellows — [To *Sir Ant.*

Sir Ant. To me! Puh! — turn to the Justice, you Whoreson Hobby-horse — This is some new Player — They always put the Fools to play the Constables Parts.

Tric. What's the Matter, Constable, what's the Matter?

Con.

Con. I have nothing to say to your Worship---- they were all riding a Horse-back, an please your Worship----

[To Sir Ant.]

Sir Ant. Yet again! A Pox of all Asses, speak to him.

Con. The Ostler told me that they were all unstable Fellows.

Tric. Why sure the Fellow's drunk.

1 Com. We found that Weakness in him long ago, Sir. Your Worship must bear with him, the Man is much o'erseen; only in Respect to his Office we obey'd him, both to appear conformable to Law and clear off all Offence; for I protest he found us but a Horse-back.

Tric. He did not?

1 Com. That's all, and all he can lay to us.

Con. Why, what, were not you all riding away then?

1 Com. Being a Horse-back, that must needs follow.

Tric. Why true, Sir.

Sir Ant. Well said, Justice; he helps his Kinsman well.

Tric. Why, Sirrah, do you use to bring Gentlemen before me for riding away? would you have had 'em stood still when they were a Horse-back, Sirrah? I'll make an excellent Example of you, for all drunken Constables, how they abuse Justice---Here, bind him, bind him, I say.

Con. How, bind me, for what? what is the Man mad, I trow?

Tric. Bind him, I say; I'll assist you.

[They bind the Constable.]

Con. Help, help:----Thieves, Thieves---

Tric. A Gag will help all this---Keep less Noise, you Knave.

Con. Help, help; I command you all in the King's Name to rescue the Constable.

[They gag him.]

Au, au, au---

Tric.

Tric. So, I have sav'd you all from hanging this time; but if you are taken again you deserve it.

Sir Ant. By my Troth and so they do.

Tric. You may ride quietly now—I'll see you too take Horse, for I have nothing else to do.

Con. Au, au, au,—— [Ex. *Tric. and Companions.*]

Sir Ant. By my troth this is the maddest Piece of Justice that ever was committed.

Gent. I'll be sworn for the Madness of it.

Sir Ant. I am deceived if this prove not a merry Comedy, and a witty one too: You'll all laugh heartily by and by, I warrant you.

Gent. Alas, poor Constable, his Mouth's open and never a wise Word.

Sir Ant. Faith he speaks e'en as many now as he has done; he seems wisest when he gapes and says nothing—He turns and tells his Tale to me-like an Ass. Why, what have I to do with their riding away? Nay, thou art well enough serv'd, i' faith.

Gent. But what follows all this while? methinks somebody shou'd pass by and pity the poor Constable.

Sir Ant. No, hang him, hang him; he does not deserve to be pityed, he's the worst Actor that ever I saw——Go, Sirrah, step in, I think they have forgot themselves; call the Knaves in; they are in a Wood, I think.

[Exit *Servant.*]

Con. I, I, I.

Gent. Hark, the Constable says I, they are in a Wood; he thinks long of the time, Sir *Anthony*.

Enter a *Servant*.

Sir Ant. How now, when come they?

Serv. An please your Worship, there's not one of them to be found.

Sir Ant. How! what says the Fellow!

C

Serv.

Serv. Neither Horse nor Man.

Sir Ant. Body of me thou lyest.

Serv. Not a Hair of either, Sir.

Gent. How now, Sir *Anthony*?

Sir Ant. I am cheated and defeated—Ungag that Rascal; I'll hang him for his Companions, I'll make him bring them out.

[*They ungag him.*]

Con. Did not I tell your Worship this before? That I brought them before your Worship for dispeſted Perſons; ſtay'd them at Town's end upon Warning given; made Signs that my very Jaw-bone akes; and your Worship would not hear me, but told me I was an Aſs and like your Worship, and ſaving your Worship's Preſence laugh'd at me.

Sir Ant. Why, art not thou the Conſtable in the Comedy.

Con. In the Commondy! No, no, I'm the Conſtable in the Commonwealth.

Sir Ant. I am gull'd, i' faith, I am gull'd: When was you choſe?

Con. On *Thursday* laſt, Sir.

Sir Ant. A pox on't, that was the Reason I did not know thee----I am finely cheated!----I begin to ſmell a Rat: My Lord *Owemuch* his Players! upon Conſideration, egad I wiſh they were not my Lord *Owemuch* his Thieves that robb'd me laſt Night: Faith, I believe my Lord is not a much honeſter Man than his Servants----But cheer up, Sir *Anthony*, don't loſe thy good Temper with thy Mony; it may one Day ſerve to hang the Rogues.

Gent. I never knew ſuch a Trick in my Life.

Sir Ant. Gentlemen, I ſhall intreat one Favour of you.

Gent. What is it, Sir?

Sir Ant. Not to laugh at me ſeven Years hence.

Gent. We ſhould betray and laugh at our own Folly then, for none here but were deceived.

Sir Ant.

The S L I P.

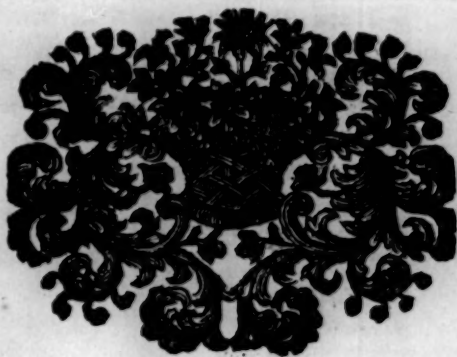
27

Sir Ant. Faith that's some Comfort yet, ha, ha, ha, it was cleverly carried on; troth I commend their Wits, to make us Asses before our Faces, while we sat still and laugh'd at one another-----Well, notwithstanding my Losses, we'll be very merry; this is my Birth-day.

*No Melancholly Looks this Cheat shall breed;
They said they'd play the Slip—they have indeed.*



F I N I S.



The S.I.P. 27

My dear Father, I am so glad to hear from you, and to hear that you are all well. I am well, and hope to hear from you again soon. I am so glad to hear that you are all well. I am well, and hope to hear from you again soon.

I am so glad to hear that you are all well. I am well, and hope to hear from you again soon. I am so glad to hear that you are all well. I am well, and hope to hear from you again soon.



F.I.N.I.S.

